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CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, &c.

The American Monthly Magazine. Edited by N P Willis. Nos 1 and 2, for April and May. Pierce & Williams, Boston.

There seems to have been, heretofore, a kind of tacit understanding between the conductors of periodical journals, as well in this country as in Europe, while all the world of literature beside, lay before them, subject to their nod and condemnation, censure and applause, to respect the high pretensions of one another, and with the utmost degree of amenity and courtesy, to overlook those faults in the fraternity, which brought down upon the uninstructed in their mysteries, immediate and condign punishment. They have steered clear of each other, lowering their ensigns in compliment, *en passant*, and only boarding to admire the rival armament, and break a bottle of wine to their mutual successes.

Occasionally, indeed, a random shot has been thrown over head, in order, as we may suppose, to remind the adventurer who seems disposed to take advantage of a favorable wind and tide, that there are certain courtesies to be observed to one another, in token of that singular sagacity and goodness of character, common to both; but beyond this, every thing has been polite, well ordered, and distantly complimentary. In latter days, however, so many of these cruisers have covered the ocean, that it is hardly possible to come to blows at all without finding an opponent in a similar flag; and this difficulty has, finally, compelled these pirates to set to battling, bombarding and cannonading one another. The common enemy begins now to be a neutral, and if present at all on these occasions, is most generally a simple and unconcerned spectator; satisfied,

so long as he is free from attack, if they batter and abuse one another to all eternity.

All figure aside, the journals which have heretofore picked only the bones of unhappy authors, have now begun to pick one another. Their number has multiplied so prodigiously, that without they pursued this new game, their employment must, necessarily, be greatly abridged, if not entirely taken away. Now, we see no reason why this should not be the case. We hate these Masonic mysteries which bind in secret so many uncouth bodies. And when the members disagree among themselves and learn to doubt the oracle they have bowed to so long, we begin to think the spirit of true inquiry and common sense is a-foot, and as one of the faculty, who profess to seek the advancement of these two cosmopolites, who, like the wandering Jew, are seldom to be found long in any one place, why, let the 'game be played out, and so, play out the play.'

Our present notice is directed to a new Journal brought forth in Boston, the name of which, and all other necessary particulars, the reader may discover by a reference to the head of this article. The design of this work is a good one, the *expense* of the Editor, modest and conciliatory; he 'promises his *endeavor*' at what, it is true he does not tell us, and therefore it is left to us to anticipate any and every thing. He is himself already well known at the North, as a young man of fine capacities, who has published a volume of sweet poetry, which we are very well satisfied to claim as American; an acknowledgement we would not willingly make in favor of every *American Poet*. Now, as we are disposed to predict

that 'in the course of human events' the 'American Monthly' will become a favorite, we are willing to lend a hand in order that it should become so as soon as convenient. With this profession, the tenor of our strictures may be thought incompatible, but as we ourselves do not think so, we shall without farther preliminary rambling, proceed in our commentary.

'Campbell's Monthly' is very far from being, as the Editor of the 'American Monthly' asserts in his preface, the most 'prominent of the Literary and political Journals of Great Britain. A reference to the numbers of that periodical, at this time might have satisfied him to that effect; and if it ever did maintain so distinguished a reputation, it was but for a short period, immediately after its first establishment, when the fame of the Editor and his own excellent lectures on Poetry, gave to the work that anticipated character, which we do not think it ever really attained to. At this time it is very well known that Mr Campbell does but little, if any thing for the New Monthly; and merely lends it his name, in order, if possible, by this means, to maintain for it, that claim to superiority, which otherwise, it could never pretend to. It is far below Blackwood's in fine writing and versatility of character; and while the latter journal has the triple merit of being dogmatical, just and spirited, the former is tame, compromising, and fluctuating; three qualities quite sufficient in all conscience to determine the question of longevity in a Journal, in America at least.

'Unwritten Music,' the first paper in No 1, we have spoken of before. It is evidently from the hand of a Poet; and possesses many of the peculiarities, we are sorry to think too many, of the Editor; in particular, a dreamy and detached wandering, the only merit of which, is a free use of the poetic diction and phraseology, with no great deal of poetry.

'The Republic of Letters' is written with much spirit and cleverness. An unpremeditated ease and simplicity of expression, indicate the frequent and practised writer. We entirely agree with him in his estimate of the relative merits of Byron and Wordsworth, and disagree, accordingly, with the Editor. Both of these names have much, that is 'enduring' (for that is the word) in their writings, and when time, the only genuine and

correct arbiter in these matters, shall have taken from the gold the dross, they will both assert and maintain the same relative eminence, (perhaps not so high) already assigned them by the present age.

'The Shunamite,' a scripture piece, has nothing of character in it:—

—'it seemed,

As if the air had fainted.'

This is meant (only thiuk) to convey the idea of excessive heat and the entire absence of all wind.

'The air had fainted'—

—'Like a sick girl!'

And was there then no hartshorn in the sky—
No muddy pool from which a sprinkling drop
Of stagnant and offensive water drawn,
Might send the healthful blood into her cheeks—
Or why not call upon the clouds for rain
To wake the sleeping damsel up again?
O! Willis! Willis!—

but let him talk for himself medically, if he will,—

'The pulse

Of Nature had run down.—'

That is to say, a hot and sultry day in summer, without a breath of air stirring, is like a watch that has not been wound up for thirty six hours.

'It ceased to beat!

This throughout, is the tenor of the strain, tame, flimsy and prosaic. The child dies, very foolishly, without any visible cause, for the preparatory course, as the bible has it, has been skipp'd over as quite unnecessary to a genuine Poet, in bringing about a catastrophe, and then a long and tedious dreaminess of musing ensues, in the sympathetic wail of the mother and Poet. And here the part, which, as occupying the principle place and only strong feature in the sketch, the restoration of the child to life, and which might have afforded room for some fine description, is hurried over and dismissed in a single couplet and that too, wretchedly heavy and prosing.

'The man of God came forth and led the child
Unto his mother and went on his way.'

Why, a common Physician pays, at least, one complimentary visit of gratulation to his patient, and shall the man of God be less polite. Would any one seriously believe that the following was meant for Poetry?—

Oh! for a burning word that would express
The measure of a mother's holy joy
When God had given back to her her child
From death's dark portal. It surpassed words.

How much more proper and tender would it have been, to have introduced

the *burning word* for the purpose of *drying up* the mother's tears—thus :

Oh! for a *burning word* whose *lightning tone*
Like a *red beam shot* from the *flaming sun*
Descending on that mother's cheek, might dry
The boundless billows breaking from her breast.

Now, that's something like; or, as Willis himself might say,—

It dallies with the hair of Poesy.

To the 'Shunamite' succeeds a long and wordy Review of the 'Remains of Henry Neele,' also by the Editor. As we propose giving to this work, in another place, an extended Critical Notice, we shall confine ourselves entirely to the matter and manner of the Reviewer. We do not know that we meet often with a paper in a decent periodical, written in worse taste than this; or one, that proposing to estimate the pretensions of an author, comes at last to so negative a conclusion. There runs through it, a perpetual effort to be fine and magnificent. Big words swell it out into mock dignity, and soft and shallow words wind up the matter, with milk and water puerilities. How dare a Censor have any sympathies. He is bound by his occupation, to behead his own children, and yet betray none of the weaknesses of the common mortal; but, 'a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind.' In this article, we encounter at every step, passages abounding in that vague and mystic twilight, so peculiar to Mr Willis, thrown over and entirely concealing the aim and object of the writer. Thus we have among the sounding epithets and phrases, which really mean nothing, such as these, 'tall spirits,' 'louder admiration,' 'triumph of supreme power,' 'terrible beauty of the Poet's madness,' 'dizzy reach of philosophy' (philosophy seeks to be any thing but dizzy by the way,) 'familiar spirits who dream dreams,' (strange creatures indeed!) 'exciting mysteries in the solitary path of greatness, absorbing and bewildering with splendid results that flash upon our eyes,' 'our wonder, a species of worship, a phantasm of idolatry', and a vast deal more of this confused, gaudy tinsel of epithet; all of which mean every thing, any thing or nothing, just as you think proper, and are only so many convenient 'noises of silence' which the reader may make the most of—they will answer any purpose to which he may choose to apply them. We, however, want neither more nor less from 'a Review' than plain common sense, and that too, put into the simplest

homespun habiliments, that we may, at a single glance, know the stuff that it is made of.

The Reviewer goes on: 'In History, we are more interested for the courtier than the king; and in the story of a battle, remember the daring of the boy, longer than the chivalry of the knight!'

This passage is strangely lacking in one essential—meaning. If the author means, by it, to say, 'There have been instances known where the courtier interested us more than the king, and the boy more than the knight, we are not prepared to say a word against it. But if, as is more likely, from the context, he means to tell us that the inferiority and weakness of the object, from its very infirmities and dependence, give it a greater claim to our sympathies, we must be free to tell him, he was never more out in all his life. In History, be it in the hall of audience or in the *melee*; the fields of disputation or battle, we look intently at the prominent figure, as we do in a picture, be that object courtier or king—simply because it occupies the largest place in our several senses. So, with the daring of the boy, rather than with the chivalry of the knight, not because of the weakness of the boy, but because we had no reason to expect such an exhibition from him, and the incident takes us by surprise—one of the grand essentials, as the Reviewer should know, of novelty and romance. And this is the case with the several instances referred to in the passage that, in the Review, immediately follows. 'We love the unfortunate Mary, more than the regal Elizabeth.' Ay, that we do—and if no other reason could be got ready at hand, simply because we love beauty in a woman at all times, and should certainly give the preference in our affections to the queen of Scot's, rather than the unsexed Henry VIII. But there will be readily found, a reason more to the purpose. We love the unfortunate Mary, not because she was weak and dependant, but because she *was* unfortunate, and because the incidents necessary to make her so, were of the most novel, pathetic and highly interesting character. We do not love Buckingham at all—Charles we pity. And pity is a sentiment, more nearly allied to love than admiration, the only feeling with which we can contemplate the haughty and insolent courtier. Buckingham, it is true,

occupies the greatest share of our thoughts, for the simple reason, that the mere tool and trifle, such as Charles really was, is and always must be held in much less estimation than the master spirit that wields it. The comparison of Gulnare with Medora, makes so very strongly against the argument of the Reviewer, that we cannot but wonder why the good ladies were introduced to us at all. Of the two, Medora was certainly the most weak and dependent; quite unfit to be the *chère amie* of such a bloody fellow as the Corsair; yet, who looks at, or remembers Medora in the spirit-stirring character of the incidents which attend the favorite of the Pacha? Gulnare, has far more of that singleness of soul, which is above a dependency, even in matters of love, upon the lord of her affections, than the sick girl, who withered into nothingness at his temporary departure. The character of Gulnare abounds with strong and striking features, and if in all the *beau idéal* of female excellence in the circle of English Poetry, there be one more absolutely independent of time and the world's circumstance and change, we must confess we do not know where to find it.

The last scene, where, in the character of a page, she supports the head of the Corsair, now the dying Lara, redeems fully, that Eastern laxity in morals which prompts to murder her Lord and Tyrant, Seyd. The dagger in her hand, the blood stain on her brow, the stern unlooser of his chains and the remorseless murderess, who hesitated not to strike the blow herself at the bosom, where her own head had so long found a pillow—all these are forgotten in the sweet and ministering kindness, the broken-hearted but proud desolation of that outlandish boy, attending on the strange and forbidding Lara.

These, (for we do not think it necessary to note all the instances referred to in the review,) might have satisfied the writer, had he bestowed upon the subject, but a moment's preparatory reflection, that it was rather to the mighty and conflicting passions, and the strong incident, worked into the very beings of the instances brought forward, that we rendered the devotion of our love, pity or admiration, and not to any idle twiddle-twaddle about the dependencies and infirmities of their separate natures. In domestic life, with which, Mr Willis is perhaps, more familiar, we grant, that no-

thing is more true, than that the weaknesses of the gentler sex, the dependencies of children and the incapacities, civil or natural, of those who look up to us for succour and support, give them an *additional* hold upon our affections, that is, perhaps, the strongest in nature, even stronger than that of love, and which we are in no ways desirous of being rid of. This, however, is a consequence, rather of gratified pride and vanity, than of an original bending and disposition of the heart. To have a lovely and interesting woman, hanging upon one's arm, merely, is a high flattery, that, to most men is irresistible; for the gaze of the admiring crowd, has taught the envied possessor, by the indirect, yet positive incense thus offered to his vanity, the value of the sweet being who clings to him for support and protection. But we are not bound to furnish argument to our reviewer and as we grow rather sleepy, we shall go on as rapidly as possible.

'The Death Race,' by G L, (George Lunt we suppose,) comes next, containing some good lines, that sound very much like poetry. We do not know, however, what the author means by 'Ocean's Dogs,' the Phoca or Seal is technically called so, but would be strangely out of place in the poem; but this being vague and indefinite, is, according to modern theorists, a new source of beauty. We will suppose he means Sharks or Alligators—both have ugly teeth. The piece closes with the following lamentable pathos:

'Then burst his heart—his struggle's over
And the wild rushing waters cover
And tear him, as they break and roar.'

We forgot to mention, that all this violence on the part of the water and the poet, is about a dog and a deer.

Of 'The Aborigines of America,' as we are rather 'oblivious,' (thanks to the Dominie, Sampson, for the word,) on that subject we shall say nothing, except that we believe, if our memory tricks us not, the matter of it all may be found in Robertson and some other writer on the early history of the country. Our present national question seems to be, not with the writers before us, where they came from, but whither they are going—the only common inquiry at this period. The style of the article is heavy and tedious; like some of Walsh's Reviews—odd similitude truly, but we never sleep over them without dreaming of the iron spectacles in shagreen cases, in the 'Vicar of Wakefield.'

'The Absent Husband,' by J O R, (Rockwell) is very pretty, in parts. The third and fourth verses are poetry.

'Letters of Horace Fritz,' O! Willis! Willis! at your clumsy schoolmate and sandy-haired girls again.

The 'Critical Notices' are generally correct and spirited. Better written perhaps, because less studied, than the other parts of the book.

'Letters from the City,' we are sorry to believe by Willis. *Credat Judæus*. Take a verse, reader—meant for wit, no doubt.

'Then my tailor is *threading* me over,
My cobbler's impatient *at last*,
(I thought, Fred, that I should have vanished
Ere the time of my promise was past,)
The friends of Jane, Julia and Susan,
Looked on till the season was o'er—
But they talk of 'Intentions' in April;
(Fred, is not this April, a bore?)

Why, our negro waiter can make better verses; here Cudjo! 'Sa! Have you written any verses lately, Cudjo. 'Yes sa! some fifty.' Who have you condescended to imitate? 'Mosser Percival, de great spin-gin poet.' Spinning jenny, doubtless, a very good epithet, Cudjo. Let us hear one. 'Which one, Mosser? O! any—something about fighting—blood and destruction, and smoke. (Cudjo recites)

THE DUEL.

Cuffy and Sambo was drinking,
When Cuff' as was often de case,
Got into a humor for tinkin,
And spit into Sambo black face.
Sambo git bex in a minute—
Challenge Cuff out for a duel
Cuff and de debble was in it
And tell Sam dat fighting is cruel.
So widout more ado, he beg pardon,
And pologize down on he knee—
But Sambo git more and more harden
For a h—ll of a fellow was he.
Nothing but fighting will make up,
De insult dat Cuffy propose,
Cuffy so scare, you may shake up
He bones like a bag o' old clothes.
Den Jim and Metuselab come in,
For de seconds and mark off de ground,
When Tom bring a 'canter of rum in,
And dey take to de bottle all round,
Jist to warm ———

Enough Cudjo, we shall publish your poetry before long, send it to Goodrich to be put into 'Specimens of American Poetry.'

'Dat's a good Mosser.'

'Verse for verse is enough, and yours are better versés, Cudjo. As you seem desirous of giving some further specimens to our friends at Boston, let us have, Cudjo, a small Southern piece. Show them what you can do.'

'Berry well Mosser.' (Sings)

Old Baginny, nebber tire—
Jump de highest dat you can,
Old Baginny will jump higher,
More dan any udder man.
Old Baginny nebber tire—
Run all day he nebber stop,
If de pine-wood dey on fire,
He will clear um wid a hop.
Ho! for old Baginny,
Hey! for old Baginny,
If de debble come for catch 'em
Old Baginny sure for match 'em.

Old Baginny nebber tire—
Whey you come from, you dont know,
When in Summer he puspire,
Winter turn e'm into snow.
Cuss me—wid he gun and nigger,
Hoss and horn and siber call,
Him can take de tree, pull trigger,
Running, fighting, up to all.
Ho! for old Baginny,
Hey! for old Baginny,
Gib de hoss, de gun, de nigger,
Ginral Jackson's self a'nt bigger.

You are from Virginia yourself, Cudjo, are you not?

'Dat's a gospel, Mosser.'

Very well Cudjo; go now, your birth-place shall not be mistaken at your death.

(Exit Cudjo.)

And now for No 2, of the 'American Monthly.' Art. 1. 'The Aborigines of America.' Monsieur Tonson again; 'get thee to Lamia's lap'—'we've said it.'

'Sketch of a Schoolfellow' by Willis. Worse and worse. We say worse, because it is not better. While there is very little that is positively objectionable in it, there is nothing that deserves our attention, and this is the greatest sin in poetry. Let us see what can be done for the benefit of the author and the amusement of the reader, by way of imitation. We quote a part of the 'Sketch' and give an accompanying fragment of our own; which, for the sake of euphony, we shall call 'Sketch of a Gobbler;' Turkey, of course.

Sketch of a Schoolfellow. By Willis.

He sat by me at school. His face is now
Vividly in my mind, as if he went
From me but yesterday—its pleasant smile
And the rich, joyous laughter of his eye
And the free play of his *unhaughty* lip,
So *redolent* of his heart! He was not fair,
Nor singular, nor over-fond of books,
And never melancholy when alone.
He was the *heartiest* in the ring, the last
Home from the Summer's wanderings and the first
Over the threshold when the school was done.
All of us loved him. We shall speak his name
In the far years to come, and think of him
When we have lost life's simplest passages,
And pray for him—forgetting he is dead—
Life was in him so passing beautiful!

Sketch of a Gobbler. By Ourselves.

I fed him in our fowl yard. He had grown
 Lustily up before my searching eye,
 And his red gills, and mincing delicate gait,
 And the wild, playful gobble, and his comb
 So redolent of his pride, bespoke him long
 The fowl yard's envy and its ornament.
 He was not singular, nor differed he
 In instinct or in appetite, or look
 From any of his race, except in this—
 He was our own, the only one we had,
 And therefore was he *singular* to us.
 But Christmas came apace—a merry time,
 And gobbler died at last, and meekly dress'd,
 Was brought upon the table, where he lay.—
 Forgetting he is dead, we long for him—
 'Life was in him so passing beautiful!'

The last line we were compelled, very reluctantly, to borrow from Mr Willis. We could not find any 'in all our wide capacity of thought,' which gave to the epicurean eye so well the essentials of a good Turkey. All its fat, its gravy, its dressings, its girth, compass, loveliness and odoury sweetness are in that one line—

'Life was in him so passing beautiful!'

'The Fancy Ball' is lively, and neatly written. We should say it was done by Willis.

'The Red Rover' by J O R, (Rockwell) is all *diddle dum, diddle dum*. Something about a 'battle gun,' 'thunder,' a 'sleeping sky,' a 'bannery blaze,' a 'crimson belt,' and—and—*diddle dum, diddle dum*. We presume that it may have been brought on Mr Rockwell by Cooper's last novel, but there's so much rain, and cloud, and gun powder, smoke and noise, that better eyes than we pretend to, must make out the mystery.

The review of 'The Disowned' is very clever and very correct; much more correct in its estimate of that work, than any we have seen, and is altogether very well done.

'Moses on the summit of Mount Pisgah' has some very good lines, but little poetry.

'Sculpture and Sculptors in the United States' is singularly flippant and purposeless. Written in an ungainly style, that interferes very considerably with an easy reading. It is like gamboling over cotton hills—pardon our homely anti-tariff illustration.

'Death,' 'The uses of Rings,' &c, &c, are just such matter as is called by printers 'Balaam!*' 'The Widow of Zarephath' is as good as 'The School-fellow.'

*The following definition of this word, is given by 'Hogg' the Ettrick Shepherd, and will be found in his letter to his reviewer published in Black-

The Critical Notices, with which the number concludes, are again generally correct and graceful; some perhaps, are rather brief, and the extracts in illustration of the text, limited and imperfect.

And now that we have got through with our analysis of the 'Members of the Mountain,' we may as well talk a little generally upon the mountain itself. It is only because we are satisfied of the ability of Mr Willis and his contributors to do well, that we have been disposed to make them do better. Of Mr Willis himself, our opinions are already well known. Our Review, No 1, of first series, we refer to with much satisfaction, as we are every day more and more convinced of its general correctness. The faults we there commented upon, are more strongly developed in the latter writings of the author. What those faults are, the general reader will very readily perceive; they are such as may not pass muster any where. If Mr Willis thinks that Wordsworth is his model, as he is his favorite, we can only say, never was man more mistaken in the spirit of his author. Wordsworth's poetry is, with him, the expression of a stern and simple feeling, a musing of the soul, where the mind appears to mingle in with the scene into which it penetrates, and evokes the spirits of memory, and hope, and lofty circumstance, and high thought, peopling the mountains and the valleys with the 'shadows of greatness' and calling upon them for the unveiling of their mysteries, with the same simplicity, with which a child would inquire of its parent, where the skies came from, who made the clouds, and such other questions on the natural and moral world as a child may be supposed desirous of having elucidated. He finds a spirit on the lonely hill, a 'voice, a music in the desolate sky,' 'a mingling of divinity with the torrent and the cloud'

wood. How the word came to be used in the sense, there given it, is a mystery to us, and we are not so deeply interested as to endeavor very much to make it less so. 'I well know (and so does every body that ever slipped into a printing office) that a certain proportion of what is technically called *Balaam* must go to fill up the pages of every periodical work, &c. In setting up a newspaper, for example, when there is any dearth of public, or private intelligence of interest, the Foreman says to the Editor 'well, sir, I suppose we must just take enough of *Balaam* to make out the rest of this column!' *Vide Blackwood, vol viii, No 13, for October. American current series.*

and in fact, searches after that higher converse which is not to be found in this week-a-day and unholiday world, unless by him who 'soars upward'

'Into the wide expanse.'

The language, the manner, the wandering of Wordsworth are all of the simplest and most natural character. Fiction becomes, with him, so much a matter of truth, that we invariably identify them; and wonder not, and startle not, when we find spells thrown about us in secluded places, Genii in old and venerable rivers, fairies in green dells, and a fine and delicate (Mr Willis would say, 'tiny') Ariel in the zephyr, that attends us

'In the secluded walk beneath old trees.'

There is even, at times a stern severity in the very language of Wordsworth. Of course we say nothing of the Peter Bell, and the Betsy Gray, nor of those earlier productions of his pen, where the search after novelty and simplicity, precisely as Mr Willis is doing now, made him depart from the straight forward and lofty course, which he has in after productions returned to. The severity of the Reviewers actually reformed him and opened his eyes to his own extravagance, by laughing him out of conceits, which after years would only have wedded to him, and which he could never have exercised sufficient judgment to have got rid of.

Willis' affectation is an affectation in words. Tiny words, strange words, vague words—and annexing the importance that he does to his modes of expression, it is by no means to be wondered at, if thought, sense, feeling, every thing else, is sacrificed to this childish propensity. The poetic diction deceives him. Refer to the two poems of his, contained in this collection, and after reading them distinctly, ask yourself the question whether they convey any thing like a distinct image to the mind. The answer is immediate—they do not. From the beginning to the end, they exhibit nothing but a confused crowd of sights and sounds, shadowy images, 'chainless wind,' medicinal freshness, perilous tricks, unsheltered hills, and such other stuff as may suit one, who

'—stole away

To the most silent places, and lay (Qu. laid) down
To weep upon the mosses of the slopes.'

It would have been quite as pathetic, as the old novelists have it, to have bathed his pillow with his tears; or to have wept in a silk handkerchief. Compare this

melancholy, with that of Jacques in 'Much Ado about nothing,' and we see at once the wonderful distinction between the melancholy of sad sounds and the idlesse of the vacant mind, and that utter solitude of heart, which goes forth and lives, and loves, and finds its misery to separate from the voiceless quiet of the forest, and the infinitude of ancient trees.—

'He found out the unsunn'd shadowings

And the green op'nings to the sky &c.—

—he found

Sweet company in the brook and loved to sit
And bathe his fingers wantonly—&c.

'How interesting all this; sweet pretty little fellow—but we pity him for having nothing else to do.

—He forgot

His pride and his assumingness, and lost
The mimicry of the man, and so unlearn'd
His very character, till (Qu. that) he became
As diffident as a girl.

That is to say, the poor boy became modest, no longer aped his elders and his betters, forgot the vices of an imperfect and improper education, and became diffident as a girl, who would not eat any thing for the world, before gentlemen. And this stuff is meant to win the popular ear. We know what it is meant for. Mr Willis has a sense that can sometimes comprehend something of vague and imperfect loveliness in the twilight of thought and reason: he is well aware that there is an exquisite refinement in the point and period, where light and darkness meet; we know and we doubt not he knows it too, that there is a touching and sweet mystery in the break of day and that this delicate plan of so uniting the wild matter of our fancies with the true and strong melancholy of the affections, is calculated to produce the same effect upon all polished minds, that the 'gliding in of day and the gliding out of night' has upon the senses, even of the vulgar and unrefined. But we venture to predict that Mr Willis has quite mistaken his way. His secret source of power and his guide in poetry may be found in that one affected and stupid line of Coleridge which he has himself quoted.

'Sleep slid into my soul.'

Quaintness, and strangeness, and a ridiculous and free use of certain words expurgated by common consent from the language, are lugg'd in by the head and shoulders for novelty sake, and the importance thus annexed to the phrases and modes of expression, necessarily takes the attention of the writer from the more

important matter of the thought, which is allowed to run, wherever it pleases, not being required for any longer time than barely to permit some of its most shadowy members to be glanced at momentarily.

But we grow tired. Next to talking nonsense, is talking about nonsense. We have spoken freely our thought, simply because what we think freely we are determined to speak freely. Our Criticism may be severe—we intend it should be so. Where there is true merit, severity will do no harm. Where there is not, it is only just that the idle pretensions of the undeserving should be settled down at their proper level. The *'American Monthly'*, has some good matter. It will contain more when its contributors become more general. As long as the Editor is compelled, as we have frequently been, to write one half of his book himself, one half of what he writes, must be trash. Let him extend his acquaintance. Boston has numbers, not yet engaged as contributors; New York may furnish much, Philadelphia is poorer, but may do something. Let him do any thing, however, rather than write himself and his readers to death.

Six Sermons on the Nature, Occasions, Signs, Evils, and Remedy for Intemperance: By Lyman Beecher, D. D. Sixth Edition. Boston, 1828.

Intemperance, has with justice been laid to our country as a national sin. The United States are said to contain 500,000 drunkards, and consume annually, upon a moderate calculation, 28,913,887 gallons of ardent spirits, which at 50 cents per gallon, will cost 14,456,943 dollars; as much as it costs to support the whole system of our national government with all that is laid out in improvements, roads, canals &c, and is more than one half of the whole revenue of the Union for the last year. Did the evil end with the pecuniary loss sustained by the country, its effects would be comparatively trifling. But here are an immense number of our fellow-citizens rendered incapable of carrying on any lucrative employment, and must, of necessity, people our hospitals and poor-houses to overflowing. There is a host, which in time of war might bid defiance to our enemies, rendered incapable of appreciating their liberties; and physically impotent in defence of their country.

While these facts are undeniable, they

are humiliating to every lover of his country, and it is a matter of surprise, that so much apathy and indifference has been manifested in regard to this crying evil. This surprise is increased when we survey its demoralizing influence upon society at large. Public attention has, however, at length been aroused by the enormous consequences and increasing prevalence of intemperance throughout the land; societies have been formed, tracts published and sermons preached with a view to its suppression. However we may differ in regard to the means used to attain so desirable an end, we cannot but award our approbation to those philanthropic individuals who have thus thrown themselves in the breach and endeavor to stay the spreading pestilence. There have not been wanting persons whose passions or interests are involved, willing to oppose these efforts towards a reformation, and who have endeavored to ridicule and abuse these worthy individuals. We trust, however, that the good sense of the public will enable them to discriminate between their real benefactors, and those noisy demagogues who avail themselves of every popular excitement to rise into public favor by encouraging popular prejudices.

We cannot discover what reasonable objection can be offered to these endeavors. It is proposed by these associations, that the temperate shall refrain entirely from the use of ardent spirits, and by precept and example discourage the pernicious habit. It is their object, as far as practicable, to remove from the temperate, every inducement to become otherwise, to awaken the public to a sense of the danger which threatens, and to induce men seriously to reflect, whether the momentary gratification arising from the use of ardent spirits, should be weighed when we consider its alarming consequences. It becomes us to look around and see how far our conduct operates upon others. There is no man so humble as to be entirely devoid of influence; that influence, according as it is well or ill directed, will be productive of good or evil consequences. We live more than we are aware of, for posterity; and the result of our actions will be felt long after we ourselves shall be forgotten.

Among the various publications which these discussions have given rise to, we have selected the sermons of Dr Beecher as the subject of our remarks. They

style in which they are written, is forcible and correct, and well adapted to the subject. Speaking of the moral suffering produced by intemperance, he has the following passage.

‘At length, the excitability of nature flags, and stimulants of higher power, and in greater quantities, are required to rouse the energies of life, until at length the whole process of dilatory murder, and worse than purgatorial suffering, having been passed over, the silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken, the wheel at the cistern stops, and the dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it.

‘These sufferings, however, of animal nature, are not to be compared with the moral agonies which convulse the soul. It is an immortal being who sins, and suffers; and as his earthly house dissolves, he is approaching the judgment seat, in anticipation of a miserable eternity. He feels his captivity, and in anguish of spirit clanks his chains and cries for help. Conscience thunders, remorse goads, and as the gulph opens before him, he recoils, and trembles, and weeps, and prays, and resolves, and promises, and reforms, and ‘seeks it yet again,’—again resolves, and weeps, and prays, and ‘seeks it yet again!’ Wretched man, he has placed himself in the hands of a giant, who never pities, and never relaxes his iron gripe. He may struggle, but he is in chains. He may cry for release, but it comes not; and lost! lost! may be inscribed upon the door posts of his dwelling.’

In considering the signs of intemperance he uses among others, the annexed remarks.

‘Whoever finds the desire of drinking ardent spirits returning daily at stated times, is warned to deny himself instantly, if he intends to escape confirmed intemperance.

‘It is an infallible evidence that you have already done violence to nature—that the undermining process is begun—that the over-worked organ begins to flag, and cry out for adventitious aid, with an importunity, which if indulged, will become more deep toned, and importunate, and irresistible, until the power of self-denial is gone, and you are a ruined man. It is the vortex begun, which, if not checked, will become more capacious, and deep, and powerful, and loud, until the

interests of time and eternity are engulfed.

‘It is here then—beside this commencing vortex—that I would take my stand, to warn off the heedless navigator from destruction. To all who do but heave in sight, and with a voice that should rise above the winds and waves, I would cry—‘stand off!!!’—spread the sail, ply the oar, for death is here—and could I command the elements—the blackness of darkness should gather over this gateway to hell—and loud thunders should utter their voice—and lurid fires should blaze—and the groans of unearthly voices should be heard—inspiring consternation and flight in all who came near. For this is the parting point between those who forsake danger and hide themselves, and the foolish who pass on and are punished.’

The evils of intemperance as affecting the interests of society at large are ably discussed in the quotation we annex.

‘The injurious influence of general intemperance upon national intellect, is equally certain, and not less to be deprecated.’

‘To the action of a powerful mind, a vigorous muscular frame is, as a general rule, indispensable. Like heavy ordnance, the mind, in its efforts, recoils on the body, and will soon shake down a puny frame. The mental action and physical reaction must be equal—or, finding her energies unsustained, the mind itself becomes discouraged, and falls into despondency and imbecility. The flow of animal spirits, the fire and vigor of the imagination, the fulness and power of feeling, the comprehension and grasp of thought, the fire of the eye, the tone of the voice, and the electrical energy of utterance, all depend upon the healthful and vigorous tone of the animal system, and by whatever means the body is unstrung, the spirit languishes. Cæsar, when he had a fever once, and cried ‘give me some drink, Titinius,’ was not that god who afterwards overturned the republic, and reigned without a rival—and Bonaparte, it has been said, lost the Russian campaign by a fever. The greatest poets and orators who stand on the records of immortality, flourished in the iron age, before the habits of effeminacy had unharnessed the body and unstrung the mind. This is true of Homer, and Demosthenes, and Milton; and if Virgil

and Cicero are to be classed with them, it is not without a manifest abatement of vigor for beauty, produced by the progress of voluptuousness in the age in which they lived.'

'The giant writers of Scotland are, some of them, men of threescore and ten, who still go forth to the athletic sports of thier youthful days with undiminished elasticity. The taper fingers of modern effeminacy never wielded such a pen as these men wield, and never will.'

'The taste may be cultivated in alliance with effeminacy, and music may flourish, while all that is manly is upon the decline, and there may be some fitful flashes of imagination in poetry, which are the offspring of a capricious, nervous excitability—and perhaps there may be sometimes an unimpassioned stillness of soul in a feeble body, which shall capacitate for simple intellectual discrimination. But that fulness of soul, and diversified energy of mind, which is indispensable to national talent in all its diversified application, can be found only in alliance with an undebased and vigorous muscular system.'

The object of temperance societies is well explained and exemplified in considering the remedy for intemperance.

'The remedy, whatever it may be, must be universal, operating permanently, at all times, and in all places. Short of this, every thing which can be done, will be but the application of temporary expedients.'

'There is somewhere a mighty energy of evil at work in the production of intemperance, and until we can discover and destroy this vital power of mischief, we shall labor in vain.'

'Intemperance in our land is not accidental; it is rolling in upon us by the violation of some great laws of human nature. In our views, and in our practice as a nation, there is something fundamentally wrong; and the remedy, like the evil, must be found in the correct application of general principles. It must be a universal and national remedy.'

'What then is this universal, natural, and national remedy for intemperance?'

'It is the banishment of ardent spirits from the list of lawful articles of commerce, by a correct and efficient public sentiment; such as has turned slavery out of half our land, and will yet expel it from the world.'

Treating of the sinfulness of the occupation of vending ardent spirits, when the present and future misery of the subjects upon whom it operates is considered, the following highly wrought passage occurs.

'Could all the forms of evil, produced in the land by intemperance, come upon us in one horrid array—it would appal the nation, and put an end to the traffic in ardent spirits. If in every dwelling built by blood, the stones from the wall should utter all the cries which the bloody traffic extorts—and the beam out of the timber should echo them back—who would build such a house?—and who would dwell in it? What if in every part of the dwelling, from the cellar upwards, through all the halls and chambers—babblings, and contentions, and voices, and groans, and shrieks, and wailings, were heard, day and night! What if the cold blood oozed out, and stood in drops upon the walls,; and, by preternatural art, all the ghastly skulls and bones of the victims destroyed by intemperance, should stand upon the walls, in horrid sculpture within and without the building!—who would rear such a building? What if at eventide, and at midnight, the airy forms of men destroyed by intemperance, were dimly seen haunting the distilleries and stores, where they received their bane—following the track of the ship engaged in the commerce—walking upon the waves—flitting athwart the deck—sitting upon the rigging—and sending up, from the hold within, and from the waves without, groans, and loud laments, and wailing! Who would attend such stores? Who would labor in such distilleries? Who would navigate such ships?'

'Oh? were the sky over our heads one great whispering gallery, bringing down about us all the lamentations and woe which intemperance creates, and the firm earth one sonorous medium of sound, bringing up around us from beneath, the wailings of the damned, whom the commerce in ardent spirits had sent thither;—these tremendous realities, assailing our sense, would invigorate our conscience, and give decision to our purpose of reformation. But these evils are as real, as if the stones did cry out of the wall, and the beam answered it—as real, as if, day and night, wailings were heard in every part of the dwelling—and blood and skeletons were seen upon every wall—as real, as if the ghostly forms of de-

parted victims flitted about the ship as she passed o'er the billows, and showed themselves nightly about stores and distilleries, and with unearthly voices screamed in our ears their loud lament. They are as real, as if the sky over our heads collected and brought down about us all the notes of sorrow in the land—and the firm earth should open a passage for the wailings of despair to come up from beneath.'

We might go on to notice many other portions of this work which are highly commendable, but our limits will not permit. We cannot, in conclusion, but express our thanks to Dr Beecher for the gratification which a perusal of his discourses has afforded us. We trust that the efforts made in behalf of the subjects upon which he treats, will meet the success which they merit. We know nothing calculated to produce such beneficial results as the suppression of this degrading passion.

Address delivered before the Society of the Friends of Ireland on Thursday evening, March 19, 1829. By Charles Rivers Carroll, Esq.

Nothing is more common than to render occasions, like that on which the above address was delivered, the means of affording opportunities to the young and ambitious orator, for the display of language and fine sentiment; too often a great deal is uttered, and yet, little or nothing is well said, either as regards the true objects for which the auditors have assembled, or the manner in which the subject should be considered. Like maiden speeches at the bar, or fourth of July harangues, the orators for the most part, are too much concerned for the *effect* they desire to produce, to bestow more pains upon themselves, than will well fit them for the populace; rather than aim at what is infinitely a pearl of greater price, an appeal to the good sense of mankind; and which, if any thing can, will most assuredly advance or sustain their previous reputations. Tho' we are free to confess we regard this as not among the least defects of our southern friends, we cannot in truth or candor lay it to the door of Mr Carroll; on the contrary we discovered almost throughout his discourse an apparent indifference to any of the 'tricks of oratory,' and at the same time an earnestness and zeal, a warmth and serious-

ness, which, while they exhibit the sincerity and truth of the speaker, entitle him to much credit for a faithful discharge of his duty. He has, indeed, soberly and manfully defended the cause of his countrymen, as well as the principle upon which the 'Friends of Ireland' were established into body.

The subject of the address is one, which has for a number of years past, engaged the attention of a great portion of mankind; and within a short time back, has elicited some of the most passionate appeals to the sensibilities of men, as well as some of the most profound and argumentative discussions; nor have we been at all surprised at the general concern which seems to have been manifested almost every where for the result of this all absorbing subject; for if there be any question which touches, very nearly, every nation in every clime, if there be a matter which comes home to the business and bosoms of men, it is that which relates to the mode in which they shall be permitted to offer up their orisons to the God of their fathers. For ourselves, we have always regarded the question of religious toleration as one of those singular disputes which has only, not surprised us, because we could never bring ourselves to the serious belief, that, apart from *political considerations*, it admitted of any question whatever; how absurd to imagine that any human power should inflict punishment, or throw in the way of a freeman, at least, as far as his thoughts are concerned, disabilities and difficulties simply because his mode of belief is different from another's; how equally idle and unavailing the effort to make attacks of this sort upon the conscience of an individual, or of a nation, which is but a collection of individuals; but perhaps we do wrong to revive the question, it is, we trust, settled forever, and whatever may have been the *real* motives of the Duke of Wellington or Mr Peel, it is certain that Irishmen will not complain of the ends they have effected, though they may with some justice doubt the philanthropy of the motive which urged them to this vast undertaking.

We shall now present to our readers one or two extracts from the Address. The following language conveys much sound reasoning to show the *right*, and the propriety on the part of the people of maintaining an independent and un-

trammelled exercise of religious opinions and principles.

'It is, then, above all other considerations, the principle for which the Irish Catholics are contending, that we hold them in our communion, and esteem them to be our brothers indeed—brothers in a faith that recognizes no superior but God and the Laws—Laws which are impartial, resting on the Atlantean will of the people, whose influence is potent in preserving right.'

'Their religious emancipation is peculiarly interesting to us; for oftener do we boast of that than of any other article in our constitution, which tolerates all denominations of religion. We hold it to be the very best of those experiments in government which followed the Revolution of '76; and to us, it has long been a matter of exceeding surprise, why this distinction in the great charter of our rights, between a civil and religious obligation, now imitated by nearly all the Potentates of Europe, has not before this time been practised in England. In a country, from whose laws and institutions we have selected the wisest for our own, and which our young men are early taught to admire, for the many grains of popular influence they possess over those of all the other nations of Europe. Why cannot a citizen owe allegiance to the God of his own choice, and the state, at one and the same time? what liberal man will say he cannot? We here recognize two kinds of allegiance; the one to God, and the other to the Republic; and in like manner as we owe obedience to the laws of the land, because enacted by the administrative agents of the sovereign people, so do we owe obedience to the laws of God, or in other words, to a religion ordained by him to us in the light of reason, or by the wonderful mysteries of revelation. And for the reason that he who usurps the rights of the citizen is esteemed impertinent, and punished accordingly, ought public opinion to condemn any usurpation of a religious right to be impious and penal? The abstract opinions of a man, concerning any thing of theology, be they ever so absurd, so long as he obeys the laws of the land, and respects the purity of public morals, make him not the less a good citizen. This we can vouch for, when we say, that in the time of our trials, the Hebrew, the Protestant, and the Roman Catholic citizen, side by side, fought and saved this

Republic; not for any ascendant religion, but for their homes, and the dear pledges of domestic love; for the honor of the Republic, and all its people; for its laws, and the benefit of its laws; for life, for liberty, and the very altars of one another.'

There is considerable eloquence, and great force of language in the claims made upon our sympathies for Ireland as every way worthy of consideration, especially when contrasted with that which proved so successful in behalf of suffering Greece.

'Do you not recollect the time? Sure, it is but a few months ago, and Greece was then the theme of all your tongues. Men ran up and down the streets, crying Greece, Greece, Greece. The school boy read his Xenophon with unusual pleasure; and scholars reviewed their classics. Matrons told their little ones the story of Epaminondas; and fair ladies sent their pin money to the Greek committees. The gay and hobbling age, the grave and sprightly youth, the learned and the unlearned—and the bigot, too, went into the temples of the Most High, and prayed for Greece. The mighty orators, in the halls of legislation, catching inspiration, from the enemy of Philip, rose in their places, and spoke for Greece. No one then said 'Greece shall not be free.' Warlike ships and food and raiment were sent over the waters to the beautiful Ægean; and even the iron-hearted sovereigns of Europe melted into sympathy, and warred for Greece. All Christendom was up, with one voice declaring, that Greece must be aided—that the crescent should no longer flap over the cross—that the land of philosophy should not be the desolating murder-shop of the turbaned Turk! Who then heard of such things as breaches of neutrality and the like? We had not the Ottoman Porte to think of; nor did its anticipated, direful displeasure, haunt any of our sickly nerved old gentlemen, by day, or by night, in the form of a devilish ferocious fellow, with a long pair of shaggy mustaches and a prodigious Turkish scymitar, ready to behead the whole nation, at one fell swoop if we dared interfere between him and his subjects. No, Greece was oppressed, Greece was deprived of her rights, we felt for Greece, and we interfered for Greece. And wherefore should you, O! Americans, refuse to poor Ireland what you have done for Greece? Wherefore should not the same sympathies be a-

wakened in your hearts? True, in Ireland the crescent is not flapping o'er the cross; yet there the cross is made to beat down the cross, and christians have been murdering christians for the *sake of the Lord*! True, Ireland is not the land of the school-men; nor was she inventress of the arts and philosophy; yet her people have improved on and embellished those things which were consecrated in the studies of Euclid, of Pythagoras, and in the Academia. If you tell me there is a fresh, bewitching originality in the character of the elder Greeks, that hold them up to be the models of after time; I will point you to the Irishman, in whom, there are striking casts of disposition, designating him in every age and clime. I will point you to his constitutional enthusiasm, to his proverbial hospitality, to his infinite humor, for which he is pre-eminent. The decided feature of Irish character is this enthusiasm; from which, I account for its conspicuous distinction, in all the provinces of labor, the arts, letters and philosophy. Exertion without enthusiasm, or some stimulating motive, scarcely ever reaches those objects, exalted and difficult of attainment. The man warmed by an intense enthusiasm, fixes his eye on the prize, runs straight forward and takes it, while the little spirit, lagging in the rear, to pick up the golden apples, loses the race.

Traits of Travel, or Tales of Men and Cities. By the Author of High Ways and By Ways. New-York, 1829.

The standard, by which modern novels are tried, seems to be on the most liberal and extended scale. If 'Pelham' be a novelty, it is according to modern critics, equal of course to 'Waverly' and its successors. There is not a moment's hesitation in placing it alongside those high and classical efforts of past times, which have acquired for their authors the laurels of immortality; and which, so well have their foundations been laid, must, amid all the fluctuations of fashion, and through all the varieties of morals, species and habits, still maintain the same unvarying influence among men. A modern novel is not intended to meet any demand, but the fashion of the month. If it is light, sketchy, lively, mixed up with a few terrifying incidents, it has answered the object of the writer and satisfied the most extravagant demands in the reader.

It is like a segar, that having been once smoked out, is thrown aside and has no farther uses among men. We shall not, therefore, fall into the extravagancies of such *puff papers* as the 'London Literary Gazette,' 'London Weekly Review,' 'Morning Chronicle,' 'New York Critic,' &c, but endeavour as far as we can, to speak in the most simple manner of the merits of all works of the class. We shall consider the object of the reader in their perusal and shall make our estimate show how far that object has been answered. No guide is necessary, by which to establish a regular standard, upon works, to which the received classics of all lands, bear no comparison; and without referring to any relative rule indicated by works of settled celebrity, we shall determine upon all works of the class before us, solely considering the demands and requirements of the general reader and the object of the author.

'Traits of Travel' are sketchy, lively and spirited. They have a good deal of *bijouterie* about them, some grace and much mannerism. The sole object of the author has been to make a book, which a body will not sleep over, and his object has met with answering aid from his ability. To the large crowd, who read, in our clime of *tropic trial*, only to get rid of existence as comfortably as they can, this work, will do very well, for an hour, after dinner, in a high airy room, open to the south, and a spacious Turkey lounge with free double pillows. It consists of a series of tales and sketches, some ten or fifteen minutes long; a *siesta* of the same average of time between each, will pass off an evening tolerably well. To the reader who seeks amusement, therefore, 'Traits of Travel' will prove very fair company.

The Garland of Flora. Goodrich. 1829.

This is a neat little volume, but quite unnecessary, and by no means called for. It consists of extracts from European and American poets, either upon, or descriptive of, the 'Garden of Flora;' and will, perhaps, serve, in the absence of more agreeable company, to while away an occasional half hour. The works from which the selections, generally, are made, are certainly in the hands of all who would take the trouble to look at the 'Garland.' As an ornament for a lady's *boudoir*, it will do well enough.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Night-Watching.

My heart has been a wanderer—it has sigh'd
 For the far converse of the wilderness,
 And sought, on Fancy's wings, the fairy grove,
 Whose leaves are chords for music, turned to tone,
 E'en by the rudeness of the Zephyr-God,
 Whose wing detached them from the delicate
 stem,
 Singing their death-song falling: It has been
 Pent up in cities, 'till it burst the bonds,
 The cold bonds of society, and sprung
 On mid-day wing to re-assert its own,
 Unbounded, eagle-world of Immortality!

The city is around me—but its din
 Is hushed to silence—what a God is sleep,
 That can so chain the faculties of men,
 The busy crowd, so turbulent erewhile,
 Some three hours hence, and now so sternly still,
 It seems some eastern city of the Dead!

Where is the artizan whose hammer clink'd
 On the fire-darting anvil, thro' the day?
 The pedlar, who was vaunting o'er his wares,
 His worldly wealth about him—rich withal?
 The tradesman conning o'er his daily sales
 With eager eye and scent upon the watch,
 Not to be over-bargain'd—where the youth,
 Eager for honor and distinction, won
 By noisy declamation in the crowd,
 About the forum?—all are sunk in sleep!
 Sleep, the restorer of the sick man's pulse,
 Bringer of pleasant dreams and airy thoughts,
 That while away the fever'd toils of earth
 And give a bounding impulse to the blood,
 Distemper'd by the noise-oppressed brain!
 Thou second part of life—that art a death—
 Refitting for a newer start in life,
 And nerving with a freshness, all but me.

In vain I look upon the pensive night,
 That hangs her silver crescent on the sky,
 Gathered on fleecy folds, that edge the blue,
 Of her vast, wild, pavilion'd canopy,
 And wears it, as a warrior does his shield,
 Unstain'd by dark device, or mortal dint,
 And pure and spotless as a vestal's heart,
 Upon the hour she gives herself to God!
 There is no breath to waken up the leaf,
 That sits within my window—all is still—
 And how oppressive grows that stillness now!
 I cannot sleep—a spirit in the air,
 Tho' with the day's fatigue, my form is faint,
 Keeps me from slumber. Tho't, undying tho't,
 That dost pervade life's farthest wilderness,
 Why may I not repose with those, who take
 The freshness of her slumbers:—why within,
 My restless soul, still sounds the silvery chord,
 That thrills forever sensibly with life,
 Reminding me, untiring of the claim
 It bears to immortality—the life,
 That is for ever present in my dreams,
 That bears me, with a meaning impulse on,
 Spite of the rough adventure of the time,
 The jostle of far sighted emulation,
 To look beyond myself, and fondly dare
 Converse with high intelligence, and power
 Beyond man's frail existence.

— Do the stars,
 Break forth, with fuller energy, to me,
 That thus I wake to watch them? Is the moon

Peculiar in her gaze to-night?—Her glance
 Rests on my very couch, and by my side,
 Swelling the drapery with long shady waves
 Fantastically wrought by fancy's art,
 To mate and people all the dreaming hour:
 And now a silvery train is drawn afar,
 Like a faint thread, upon the utmost verge
 Of the horizon, as if it would unite
 The earth I wake on, and the heaven I watch.
 —It is the star of my nativity—
 What wonder I should wake to watch it then
 With a deep fixedness—a strong anxiety
 To gather from its seeming, all my hope—
 Ambition's peril—fitter gods than men,
 Which lives unto the peril of the life
 Which is my mortal being; wearing away
 Consuming as a night lamp, dim, untrimm'd,
 The frame and sinews, of the wither'd form,
 The lowly boor had laugh'd at—Lo! afar
 It shoots along—and sheds in its lone flight
 A rich and tremulous lustre. Does it wake
 In sympathy with me, alone, among
 Its starry train of rich intelligences,
 As I among my fellows of the earth—
 Restless, alike—and does ambition dwell
 So high above the mortal part of life?
 I've heard it said, ere this, in ancient time,
 When Gods were on the earth, in guise of men,
 And Men in action, rivall'd the high Gods,
 That 'twas the quality of heaven, and so
 Became transmitted to the humbler race,
 With whom they lightly mingled, and to whom,
 They gave such sad inheritance of pride,
 High reaching, fierce desire, unbounded want,
 Love of far rule, undying thirst of praise,
 And power, and hope, and searching after sway,
 Thro' peril and foul circumstance, and blood—
 Heedless, that pain and death were in the gift,
 Tho' coupled with high honor—fatal death,
 That saps the springs of life, of love, of peace,
 Eats out the heart with a concealed fire,
 And leaves the desolate wreck, blasted as 'tis
 By the sun-fires of Genius, overthrown,
 E'en by the pitiless breath of wind, it scorns!

Oh! what is Fame, that I should darken youth,
 The fresh attire of Morning, the gay sun,
 Of my young destiny that seems so fair,
 With watching thro' the night—the sweet, long
 Night,
 That fills my eyes with gentle drops, to see,
 Sweet tho' they flow from out the fount of tears,
 Upon my heart, like dew upon the flow'r,
 In Hermon's valley! Doth to it belong,
 Acknowledgement 'mong men, in words, whose
 tone,
 Like music, ministers unto the spirit,
 Whose watchfulness is madness? No, alas!
 Nor Time himself shall venture to retrieve,
 The life that I have lost! Yet, be this told,
 In after years, when at my fireside blaze
 No chair shall be in waiting for my form,
 No eye, to smile at my unlooked approach,
 No welcome, mine—however he hath fail'd
 To gain a planet's fix'd sway in the sky,
 Mong the high fires that he so oft hath watch'd,
 The star still burnt within him, and the ray
 Shone o'er him, with a splendor, that he sought
 Most nobly, tho' perchance, he reach'd it not.

Stanzas.

When flowers are blooming fairest,
 When gems are richest, rarest,
 When every sound thou hearest

Hath music in its tone;
When joy is circling o'er thee,
When every form before thee,
Beholds, but to adore thee
And make thy wish his own;
Think that those tones will grieve thee,
Those gems, those flowers will leave thee
Those friends will yet deceive thee
And thou wilt be—alone.

But when sad hours are nigh thee,
When summer friends pass by thee,
When every Joy shall fly thee,
That late thy footsteps led,
When Memory in sadness
Reverts to days of gladness
And stings thee even to madness,
By whispering they are fled,
When thy souls night hath no morrow—
From a thought that now is sorrow,
A balm thou then may'st borrow—
'These are not with the dead.' NEALL.

To a Friend.

Think of thee dearest when the Sun's first ray,
Peeps thro' the crimson curtains of the East,
Think of thee dearest at the close of day,
When the wild warbling of each bird hath ceased.

Think of thee dearest when the chrystal dew,
Impearls the bosom of the blushing rose;
Think of thee dearest?—Yes each thought of you,
Steals from my heart oblivion of its woes.

Think of thee dearest, when the Queen of night,
Floats in her beauty on the spangled sky,
Till the soft radiance of her silver light,
Is seen to fade, to tremble, and to die.

Think of thee dearest in the festive hour,
When joyous strains are floating on the air,
And pleasure calls me to her rosy bower,
Think of thee dearest—tho' thou art not there.

Think of thee Loved one?—in the hour of death,
My last, last pulse shall fondly beat for thee,
I'll whisper dearest with my fleeting breath,
How much, how dearly thou wert loved by me.
M S C.

'Time is ever silently turning his Pages.'

Yes! as his icy fingers fly,
How many a sweet and hallowed name,
Dear to the bosom and the eye,
Is blotted from the book of fame.

Oh Time!—thy pinions never stay,
Swift o'er the path of life they dance;
And joys which swell the heart to day
Melt as to-morrow's hours advance.

When pleasure spreads her silver sail,
And hope sits laughing at the prow:
One touch of thine throws up the veil,
And smiling pleasure, where art thou?—

Deep sunk beneath the teeming wave,
Thy brilliant spirits all are dead:
No hand their sinking forms could save,
With Time they lived,—with Time they fled.

Then lift the heart, exalt the voice,
Pass these low scenes of trial o'er:
Look to that land where saints rejoice,
When Time itself shall be no more. E.

Exile.

She does not drive me out with iron hand,
Bared steel or cruelty, yet more acute,
In the dark word of exile; nor is her frown
Upon me, as in anger or in scorn—
Rather her smile—deceptive smile, and yet
Without the full and apt support she should
Impact to one she loves. She holds herself,
(As some high prized dame in tourney field,
As he that fought below her were her slave,)
Aloof, when I do send my poor response
Of sorrow in my word, unto my heart,
That weeps within in solitude, and pines,
Wretched—as meriting some high estate,
Yet sinking deeper into misery.

Stanzas.

Meeting to sever,
Perchance to forget—
Would that we never
Oh! never had met!
What is the pleasure,
We dared to enjoy,
But a night treasure,
That day could destroy!

The beauty that led me,
The charm that subdued
The promise that fed me,
In deep solitude,
Of rapture at meeting,
That bosom and brow,
With love and joy beating—
O! what are they now.

Gloom is around me,
Wherever I go;
The fate that has bound me
Was woven in wo!
Time hangs upon me,
In silence and care;
Dreams have undone me,
And waking's despair!

Weep'st thou to sever,
Then painful must be
The gloom that will never
Desert thee and me.
Meeting in gladness,
How tender, how dear,
Parting in sadness,
How full of despair!

To —

Forgive me, if my looks are sad,
When thou art free from aught like wo—
I would be, if I could be glad,
And thou alone canst make me so!
Let but thy cheek be pale awhile,
And dim thine eye and cloud thy mien,
And let thy lip forbear to smile,
And be as sad as I have been.

FLORIO.

What an outrageous scandal—cut him
ladies.—ED.

Epigram on a Pane of Glass.

Why is Glass compared to woman?
'Tis easy seen through, made for show, man—
Where every fop scrawls out his passion,
And diamonds make the best impression.

A.

GENERAL MISCELLANY.

Recollections of a Life.

JULY, 1825—Well, said I to myself, as I lounged into Broadway one fine summer's morning, under date as above, here I am for the hundred and ninety-ninth time, a sojourner in New-York—and what has brought me here? It was in vain that I renewed the question, I was conscious of my utter want of aim and object, and did not, therefore, undertake to reply to the idle interrogatory. For the first time in my life, I began, at five and twenty, to reflect a little upon the path I should prescribe to myself for the future. At five and twenty, mentally said I, most men fix upon some settled pursuit; no matter what—love, law, war, wine, or physic; this latter association is by no means bad; witness the lately discovered 'Cure for Intemperance'* one of the many luminous revelations of the wisdom of New-York. Youth, mad intoxicating youth, an ever 'fiery Hotspur' or 'gallant, gay Lothario;' that first step upon life's dazzling threshold, where we pause for an instant, and it is but an instant, to revel in the scenes around us, without ever hazarding a conjecture (for who can think, when the concentrated mind and body are but one *sensation*?) as to the interior of the huge building we are about to enter; this brilliant and too seductive stage of the delighted spectator, closes, we are told (one of the ancients said so, and any old woman will tell you as much) at the somewhat critical post-mark of five and twenty; when, being half way on the road, we are naturally led to take a brief retrospect of that behind; and to settle in our own minds as well as we can, the arrangements for that which is before. This conviction, and the lesson which it is said to teach all 'well regulated minds' (old maids, and gentlemen with the gout or stone, are monstrous fond of this phrase) it did not require five and twenty years to impress upon me. Within some years of that time, I had very nearly run through the poetical acts of seven ages, bating the 'lean and slippered pantaloons,' and,

* A society has lately been organized in this city for the promotion of temperance; and it is said that they intend to apply to the legislature for the enactment of laws upon the subject. Heaven help the drinkers of Hollands! but this is an age of invention and reform, and enjoys the enviable distinction of being the first in the annals of time, wherein an attempt has been made to make men moral upon compulsion—why not honest too?

peradventure, one other act, wherein I hope to know my 'cue without a prompter.' On the first of July, however, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five, I found myself so completely 'idle in the market place,' that I forthwith resolved upon change of scene. The truth is, that I had ridden on a horse of some mettle, and was not a little astonished to find that in so short a time I was at my starting post again. Deuce take it, I caught myself exclaiming, this will never do. I was born for something better. I must renew the inward man; and at that moment, the touching language of the inspired volume, 'The corrupt, shall put on incorruptible,' seemed to burst upon my ear, and, and—then I thought of the sweet faces I had left ten minutes before, at my landlady's in Greenwich street. She was an Actress (Heaven forgive me!) and had insinuated herself so pleasingly, so playfully into my good graces, that in spite of my then sober reflections, and resolutions, at amendment, I felt a strange reluctance at bidding adieu to New York. Woman, if thou hast been my bane, thou hast at least, furnished the antidote; not quite so consoling, to be sure, as that of the philosophical Roman, but of some little efficacy, nevertheless. It was not that I had either the heart or head to avail myself of the plea of the orator in the play, who did not 'love Cæsar less, but Rome more;' it was, no matter what. The fair maiden (God forbid that I should insinuate otherwise) into whose society I had thus chanced to fall, upon this the occasion of my last visit (but one) to New-York, was attached (in more senses of the word than one, I believe) to the Park Theatre—where, however, she did not hold forth very often, though with some *eclat*, always, when she *did*. She was not exactly what is called a 'pretty woman' further than that she had very 'pretty ways;' and these will go a great way. She had some spice, or, perhaps, I should say *gout* of the coquette about her; but, with great intelligence, and a singularly frank spirit; this weakness, so pardonable because it belongs to *such* a sex, only contributed to stimulate your efforts to concentrate, if possible, and *fix* her buoyant fancies. She found me a strange sort of devil, moping from morning to night; not knowing where to go, or what to do; and she seemed resolved to woo and win, or wean me from the mood which

always left me as it found me—languid, worn, and somewhat disconcerted, or discontented—as you please. Now, I had heard that she was a true woman; a female devil in point of temper—a daily and domestic Catharine, whom none but a Petruchio could hope, or would venture to grapple with, though by no means, like her immortal prototype, a ‘strapping wench.’ Strange infatuation that rendered her pleasing in my eyes! I had hitherto looked upon woman (and that bias remains unchanged) as a being whose conquests were never so sure and so complete, as when achieved by means the gentlest—her modest reserve, timidity and softness. I have been in love with Diana Vernon in the novel and even with ‘the fair Beatrice,’ who could ‘despise the lover, while she liked the love;’ but surely it was the passion of the moment, the irresistible seduction of a sudden and lavish display of some of the most brilliant points of woman—surfaces so bright, that, like the fascinations of a creature whose name and nature I must not mention, they attract you by an impulse over which the will has no control—charming the senses by an illusion that dazzles, while it lures them astray. I have wept over the fondness and the faith of an ‘Armida,’ for which no crown was reserved; of a ‘Lucy Ashton,’ the victim of a mother’s perfidy; I have withdrawn my eyes from the pages of romance, to fix them upon real life; and have indulged in worship, as spontaneous as it was insipid, of the virtuous and accomplished, the rare, the exemplary, the incomparable ‘Miss Linly,’ poor Sheridan’s first wife; I have proposed them to myself as themes; and to some of my young female friends as ‘patterns of excelling nature.’ Well, what then? Why, nothing more than that the human heart is made of strange materials. The plain truth is, that I had been, from my youth upwards, an absentee from what is called ‘good society,’ that is, ‘high life,’ for thus are the two things associated; with what propriety, I am not just now prepared to say. I had been a recluse in my own way—that is, devoted, in the main, to scenes beyond the great curtain that intervenes between the boxes and the ‘Green Room’ of actual life; the *wrong* side, always, of the gorgeous tapestry. But still, there was music, mirth, lights, and wine; and in so far the comparison

fails; but only so far as enables you to detect the force of the contrast; as you sometimes mistake the lustre of a cloud for the constellation that plays under it. It was by one of those ‘blind chances’ that alternately elevate and depress us from the highest pinnacles to the lowest abysses of life, according to the revolutions of that faithless wheel whose blanks and prizes are alike fortuitous, that I stumbled upon the lodgings in William-street, where it was my fortune to encounter the flighty and fanciful daughter of Thespis, to whom I have alluded. The first proprietors of these lodgings, were an old lady and her two maiden children, Misses Nancy and Margarette. They had all the appearance and *penchants* of old-maidenism; severe brows, malicious eyes, and a lap dog each; peculiarities and predilections not to be mistaken. A maiden, the former of these sisters certainly was, and an old one too, yet, strange to say, she was in a fair way of exchanging this unenviable character for another and a better. There was a certain brush-maker, a spruce, prim, precise little dog, who had summoned up sufficient resolution to make his advances to Miss Nancy, who seemed ‘nothing loth.’ She could thrum upon an old harpsichord that stood in one corner of the room, to which, whenever the little brush-maker made his appearance, she immediately repaired. There was one small circumstance that threatened to defeat their hopes, and consign Miss Nancy to a joyless celibacy, and the smug artisan to the society solely of his brushes. In prophetic anticipation of this dolorous event, and of the last words of passion bereaved of its object,

For which it lived, and could have dared to die! the almost disconsolate Miss Nancy would sit herself at the harpsichord, her faithful swain stationed at the back of her chair, and with looks that may be said to have responded to the words she uttered, would she forthwith commence the strain that seemed long to have been the sad burden of her thoughts. It was a dying death-like air, or song, I should say, that ran thus:

‘No, no, no—I shall never see him more,
No, no, no! I shall never see him more.’

Her voice was, unfortunately, that of a screech-owl, while the tones of the instrument it accompanied, were of a character that leaves me at a loss for a comparison.

This voice, however, in giving appropriate utterance and emphasis to the words of the song, would gradually rise and fall as the inspiration of her grief and passion waxed the higher, till, when drawing to a close, she came at length to the last line

'No, no, no—I shall never, *never* see him more!'

which is, as it were, the climax of the tune and tone, she would throw her head back, with her dying eyes of deathlike gray, fixed upon the ceiling, while her hands, I should say her fingers (which sometimes bore traces of the kitchen) in consequence of this attitude, so long and languishing, were just permitted to touch, with their tips, the keys of the instrument, whose tones becoming fainter in accordance with her own, a tender scene of syncope promised to give color and character to the occasion. No such thing, however, took place, for just at what appeared always to be the critical moment, she took care to catch and recover herself, but not without a sigh, and a long look of languishing love and grief cast upon the somewhat perturbed brush-maker, and perplexed. Fortune, however, seemed propitiated by the 'fine phrenzy' of a mortal maid; and accordingly smiled upon their loves! In three short weeks—ages of course, in true love's calendar, the gallant man of brushes bore away his prize, and I heard of them no more; they had eloped! Margarette, the other sister, who squinted sadly, had never, it appeared, been tempted in her life, and continued, as usual, to superintend the business of the house. She was an 'Actress of all work;' cooked the dinners, swept the rooms, made up the beds, and burnished the andirons. Regularly at nine in the morning would she enter my chamber to fill the pitchers, and perform such other offices as she thought becoming. She was so unpardonably ugly that, far from saying soft things to her in a situation so inviting, it never even occurred to me that, entering my room as she did, that is, without ceremony, she ran some risk of having her guileless bosom, 'unsifted in such perilous stuff,' wounded and violated in a way it were unnecessary to specify. One morning, just at the hour of her accustomed entrance, I was ruminating upon a thousand things, in as many ways, and, among others, I caught myself reverting to what appeared to me to be the somewhat sin-

gular character, and not less singular conduct (pretty much the same thing, in nine cases out of ten) of Miss M——, the fair auxiliary of the Park. Her temper, as I have said, was extremely violent, so much so, that an acquaintance of mine offered to wager me that I should not be four and twenty hours under the same roof with her, ere we quarrelled. I smiled at his bluntness, and assured him I never quarrelled with ladies—was incapable of offering offence to any thing under the sanction and the passport of a petticoat, and in short, made it a point, in such cases, to *yield* the point. He shook his head significantly, and proceeded to inform me, that this young lady had successively fallen out with all her friends, and even relations and that he himself had once a very narrow escape. I like her, I mean I shall like her the better, said I; there is frequently a great deal of virtue in that high mettle, and I should like not a little to put it to the test. This, however, I of course abstained from doing. On the contrary, I paid her those attentions I should have shown any other female under common circumstances, and which, provided they come from a quarter not in itself disagreeable, are so pleasing and acceptable to woman. In doing this, however, I took no pains to conciliate the lady; the attentions I speak of, were merely those which every man of common breeding considers it his duty to pay to every decent woman. The first effect produced by these attentions, which cost me so little effort, and seemed so entirely a matter of course, appeared to me to be a partial surprise on the part of the lady, which, gradually abating, gave way to an easy, graceful acceptance, which at once placed us on the best possible footing. Finding that I was fond of music, she did me the honor to devote the hour of eleven, at which time she usually returned from the theatre, to her piano and my society; the old lady regularly retiring at nine; and Miss Margarette as regularly snoring in the kitchen. Sometimes she practised of a morning, finding that I was always ready to throw aside my book or pen for the charms of her voice, or the vivacity of her conversation. I will not deny that we sometimes *romped*, but I hope not rudely, not beyond the bounds of discretion. She would employ herself occasionally in preparing her lace, the delicacy of its

texture requiring her not less delicate hands; and I would assist her in the after process of sunning it, in a little garden contiguous to the house. Reciprocities of this kind, tended to render us the more necessary to each other. I would attend her to the theatre, and escort her back—sat next to her at table—said a thousand foolish things that alternately amused and made her serious; in short, we coquetted with each other so unconsciously, that I forgot a month had passed over, the middle of which should have found me a hundred miles from New-York, according to my *plans*. What sort of plans these were, or whether they could be called plans at all, I will not undertake to say. The footing upon which we at last imagined ourselves, was indicated by a circumstance I have since regretted. Miss M—— had invited a party of ladies, whose pursuits corresponded with her own, to an excursion into the Jerseys, a little north of Hoboken, a somewhat romantic spot, whither it was common for people of pleasure to resort in summer. She had informed these ladies, it appeared, that I would be their escort. They repaired accordingly, to William-street; and were quietly seated up stairs, in Miss M——'s bed-chamber, when I received a message from her requesting to see me. Expecting to find her alone, I very gravely proceeded to her room, when, to my no little surprise, for I had not been aware of the entrance of the party, I found three very pretty women—one a Mrs H——, whose smile was not easily resisted, apparently on the tip-toe of expectation, not knowing who in the world it was they were prepared to honor. 'Ah, doctor,' said Miss M—— gaily extending me her hand, her humor had prompted her to dub me doctor, 'I see you have been taking your *siesta* as usual!' The fact is, I must have looked, judging from what I felt—monstrous sleepy. She now introduced me to the ladies severally, stating that they were prepared to put my services in immediate requisition. This was a most unexpected piece of intelligence, and I blush to say, an equally unwelcome one. The necessity of attending a party of ladies on a party of pleasure, is always irksome, when in doing so we are obliged to make an effort, and an effort it certainly is, when one forlorn male mortal has to answer the various demands of half a dozen women. To be allowed in

some degree to consult one's own ease and humor, to be silent when not disposed to talk, to look grave when not inclined to laugh; in short, to be at liberty to lounge, with due decorum, are the sole conditions upon which any one, but a coxcomb or a fool, would avail himself of the pleasures of the ball room, the watering place, or any other place in the world. Denied the privilege of exercising this discretion, pleasure becomes painful, and the most beautiful woman loses her charm, and ceases to attract. I clearly foresaw that this unenviable dilemma was in reserve for me, should I surrender myself to these ladies. It would have been unmanly, however, to excuse myself upon a scruple of this kind; and I certainly should have acceded to the wishes of my fair friend, but for one or two considerations of a very different character. It had been hinted to me at divers times, by sundry friends, that I had sold some of the 'golden opinions' which they assured me I had bought at nineteen, not exactly of 'all sorts of men,' but of the immediate circle of my friends and acquaintance, 'damned good natured friends' some of them. I never gambled, to be sure, but that might be because I was too lazy to purchase an amusement at the expense of learning it; still, I was this, that, and the other, a conclusion in which I plainly saw they designed to involve the admonition that I was not one of the 'Elect.' I smiled at their fears, but abstained from expressing my opinion of them, lest I should commit a breach of politeness. I allowed their cautions to pass at the time for what they were worth, but had long since forgotten them. The predicament in which I was now placed, however, revived a momentary recollection of them; and it certainly would have had the effect of inducing me to comply with the wishes of Miss M——, but for one self-suggested consideration. I believe I had never lost sight of the respect which, on occasions where we are the best judges of our own actions, every man owes to himself; the holy horrors of old women and well meaning simpletons, never diverting me from the career of my humor. It was not from any regard, therefore, for the wise warnings and Cassandra-like predictions, bodements of ill, ever, that had been rung in my ears from the time I left school till I was two and twenty,

that I found myself under the unpleasant necessity of complaining of a violent head-ache and slight fever; and my flushed face and drooping lids, the effect of the nap, backed the apology, which would deny me the honor of attending the fair party to the woods of the Jersies. Had I been living in a certain style, had my feelings, and condition undergone no change, I should most undoubtedly have complied with Miss M — 's request, nay, eagerly embraced the proposal. If charity covers a multitude of sins, one's estate, be it of a certain character, achieves no less. A title, with ten thousand a year, give a man, in the eyes of the immediate mere world, a sort of prescriptive right of being just what he pleases. He may betray the affections of an innocent woman, and, after abandoning her himself, he may, like the dog in the fable, interpose a lie, or any other meanness, to prevent another from enjoying that which either his blunted sense or brutal want of sensibility, incapacitates him for appropriating or appreciating. Under the sanction of the domestic hearth, he may offer violence to a married female; the lash may leave its brand upon his back, a mistaken humanity sparing his brow; aided by an assistant, probably paid for his services, he may signalize his valor by committing an assault upon an unarmed and inoffensive man, and then, retreating to a theatre at Cheltenham or Brighton, he may exhibit his patrician person, figuring in a farce or a fandango, to recruit the coffers of a mistress or a bully, and the next day you may see him pressing to a Levee at St James's, or the next night to a ball at Almack's, or a rout in Grovesnor-place; a villain garnished by a star, a coward protected by his coach, and a fool caressed by the follies of a fashion, too polite to think. But I beg pardon for this digression. On their way to the Jersies, the ladies met with an escort; and six o'clock the next morning found me on board the steam boat bound to Philadelphia, whence, after a sojourn of three weeks, it was my intention to embark for England. The time elapsing without the arrival of any of the regular packets, I engaged my passage on board a Merchant-man. I had not seen the vessel, for she was some miles down the river undergoing repairs, and I knew nothing of the captain. The evening previous to her sailing, I got into a hackney

coach, took leave at the door of the only acquaintance I had in Philadelphia, and set off for the ship. I got down about candle light, and was not a little dismayed on entering the cabin, which, though sufficiently wide, was so low as barely to admit of a perpendicular position; and I was obliged to stoop in passing to the birth that I was to occupy. The cabin, moreover, was filled with sail-cloth, and variously lumbered up to the very level of the births. There was a dim lanthorn burning on an old wooden table, without even a rag to hide its mutilations. The steward replied to my questions rather by signs than words, for he understood very little of English; the sailors were in a state of feeling bordering upon mutiny, for the salt beef they swore was villainously tainted; when the captain, a dark ill favored Dutchman, made his appearance, and completed the scene! I threw myself upon some sail in a corner of the cabin, and tried to sleep, for there were some recollections I wished, if possible, to drive away. My rest, however, was only for a few moments, and disturbed. I rose, and went on deck, where the discordant voices of the men, wrangling in a foreign tongue, drove me again into the cabin, and again I tried to sleep. I slept some hours—woke, looked at my watch, found it was twelve o'clock, drank some brandy and water, and set off on foot for the city, determined to postpone my voyage, or relinquish it altogether, sooner, than cross the Atlantic under such circumstances.

It was under somewhat better auspices that, on the 20th of July, I embarked on board the steam boat, bound to Newcastle, where one of the Liverpool line of packets awaited the three solitary passengers who were to be the inmates of her cabin across the Atlantic. The one was an unmarried lady of the society of 'Friends,' of some sixty or seventy seasons; and the other a native of Great Britain, who had just left the West Indies, where he had been a sort of agent for the last ten years. I was a poor devil going to England simply because I knew not where else to go; having pryed into every nook of the United States, ransacking its cities north and south, leaving myself the mere dead remains of powers and propensities that had somewhat prematurely defeated themselves.

The ship weighed anchor about seven in the evening; and a gentle breeze, that had just sprung up, wafted us slowly and quietly to the Capes, where lay the vast expanse of the Atlantic, broad and beautiful before us! The sun was just sinking under our stern; while the moon rose directly on our bows. The liberal deck of the *Montezuma* was clear and unobstructed, exhibiting the order and neatness of a man-of-war; the eye taking in her fine proportions, fore and aft. As the land gradually receded behind us, leaving the outlines of the Capes imperfectly shadowed in the distance, a melancholy, which had more causes than one, crept over me as I lay contemplating the scene from a height on the deck, and I withdrew my eyes to fix them on the deep we were to traverse, beyond which all knew where to cast their anchor, except the wanderer who had lost alike the magnet that should direct, and the cable that should moor his bark. W.

—
28th June.

The 28th June, having passed by in this city, unaccompanied by any of those demonstrations of patriotism, with which we have been accustomed to witness its approach, we shall offer up our humble tribute, in our own manner, to the memory of the great spirits with whom we have been, heretofore, accustomed to identify the day, the following passages, are from an address delivered before the Palmetto Society of this city, upon the memorable occasion to which we refer. That Society having, from various causes, fallen into neglect, it may be calculated upon with some degree of certainty, that no other will be established in its place. The proximity of the 4th of July, a day generally celebrated in the country, will in a great measure render unnecessary, a distinct anniversary of any one achievement, however prominent in our history. Every event, of course, being included in the general celebration of our National Independence.

Great Britain, oppressed by her own extensive wars, the internal commotions among her people, the diseased state of her political system, the violence of opposition among her ministers, and the variety of evils growing out of all these, proposed to herself the project of wresting from the Colonies of North America a portion of their hardly gotten wealth. The modes adopted by that country to effect that object are well known. So little were the feelings of the Colonists regarded at this juncture, that the advocates of these measures in the British Parliament did not even deign to allege the posses-

sion of a right by that body to impose them. But assuming to themselves the broad and emphatic argument, which, as it is the most easily found, so is it the most relied on by despots—that of an unlimited, and, as the unvaried success of the British had made them believe, irresistible power; they did not hesitate for want of any other sanction, to appropriate the wealth of those, who having no voice in such appropriation, could certainly hope for little of the benefits accruing therefrom.

The establishment of a principle, so subversive of that first object of true liberty, the self-control of one's own possessions, connected with other evils of a similar tendency, though applying solely to the port of Boston, was much too general in its application as an evil to be feared, not to awaken in the rest of the Colonies, though as yet ungalled by its exercise, a serious and corresponding emotion.

South Carolina was among the first of these to express her sympathies with the more immediate sufferers. Though free herself from any present difficulty, and accustomed to look to Great Britain with the respect and affection of a child. Tracing her foundation and settlement to England. Governed by its laws, ruled by its officers, under the immediate patronage of its king; its exports solely directed to, and its wants supplied by that country; its rising generations sent to British Colleges for education, and taught to look upon England as a spot, to which, however separate by circumstance, they still bore all the features of consanguinity—this colony, nevertheless, could not fail to consider the proceedings of the mother land, as too ominous not to excite the apprehensions of a people, more tenacious of freedom as the descendants of Englishmen and the disciples of that Liberty for which they had suffered toil and privation, and the value of which, they judged fully proportionate, to the danger and labor which it had cost them. The proceedings of the mother country while they served to convince the Colonists of its selfish and unwarrantable disposition, also served to create that spirit peculiarly strong in this, and seldom wanting in any emergency. For the high born Briton, whether he claim affinity with the white cliffs of Albion, the rugged fastnesses of Scotia, or the verdant fields of green Erin; the gallant Frenchman; The Patriotic Pole, and the blue eyed inventive and wonder seeking German, all congregating in one home for that Liberty, now about to be wrested from them by the very land which claims to uphold the freedom of mankind, was enough to bring into action the lofty and fearless devotion which our revolution so fully and nobly exhibited. The fire was enkindled, and the dweller upon the waters, and him of the grey rocks and the tall old pines, sent upwards a kindred and answering flame, till from one extreme of the continent to the other, the beacons of freedom were lit, the slumbers of the people were broken, and the stout yeoman girded on the harness and went forth to battle. Yet with a hesitating spirit that trembled to invade the ancient boundaries of social union, did the opposing countries pause as they drew near the Rubicon which divided the fertile gardens and villages of peace from the smoky and desolated ruins of the abode of war, until the idle confidence of the British at Lexington, precipitated a struggle, which excited the admiration of Europe; less for its issue, for that seemed undoubted, than for the rashness of that opposition which prepared to encounter as an enemy, a nation,

whose living energies are best displayed in the mountains erected by her dead ; found, wherever the footsteps of ambition could wander, or the waves of ocean bear them.

And now was the new world required to put forth its mental and physical, in support of its natural energies. The North had scarcely bared the scymitar, ere the South was called upon to clothe its young limbs in the panoply of war. And more dangerous than the visible enemy, came on the conflict of opinion, of selfishness and fear. Unhappily for South Carolina, in no state in the Union, and perhaps in few nations of the world, did the war of these deadly elements prey on the vitals of life with a more hungry and tenacious appetite. Superstition discovered omens in the sky to confirm the prophecies of fear. Avarice and murder leagued together, gloated with ravenous anticipation on the miseries of war, to feed the appetites of lust and cupidity. The conflicts of opinion, however, in their more exalted, and in a measure, laudable extremity, arose in the minds of many from a belief, which even the success of rebellion could not wholly dissipate, that the allegiance of the subject was due to the King of Great Britain, by the people of America ; and the citizens of Carolina claiming their immediate origin from, and maintaining an intimate correspondence with England, it is not to be expected that a revolution so wonderful as ours, should be effected without much opposition from many who were instigated by neither avarice nor fear, but whose disaffection arose not only from the circumstance already adverted to, but also to that aversion to a change in the institutions of a country, which it is well known cannot be effected without much expenditure of life and wealth, and the benefits of which, are at best, speculative and uncertain. Fortunately for America, while her sky was enveloped in gloom, her bright stars were burning behind it. In spite of the calculations of timidity, the determinate fixedness of dullness, and the rank and venomous baseness of the selfish, the voice of Freedom prevailed. The time had arrived. All things, man and circumstance were ready for the change. The spirit had gone forth in its virgin splendor, and the black clouds that were unwarmed by its potency were merged in its living supremacy. Great occasions are the parents of great spirits, when danger speaks, valor and courage leap ready armed from their slumbers. The crisis was at hand : the mountain to be removed ; the giant sprang up to the task, and it dissipated before him.

After the prelude at Lexington, the attention of the British became directed to the active and ready exhibitions of aggression made by this colony in numerous expeditions of little importance in the amount of injury done to the enemy, but from their general results, inspiring the Carolinians with the most lively confidence. A fleet and land army were accordingly fitted out early in June for the better subjection of the insurgents in Carolina.

The Carolinians early apprised of this movement, prepared with alacrity for their defence. Their works went on with vigor, and the arrival in Charleston of a large body of the Continental militia together with a considerable reinforcement from the hardy yeomanry of the country, served to create a new impulse to exertion by a better prospect of success. Among these works that of Sullivan's Island, though the principal object of remark at this day, was at that time but little regarded as a mean of attack or defence. General

Lee looked upon it with contempt and apprehension—called it a mere slaughter pen, and affirmed and believed that a single English man-of-war would dismantle it in half an hour. He forgot that men were fighting for their homes ; and that affection and love in the guise of matrons, wives and daughters, were to be witnesses of their valor. So little, in fact, was the site regarded, that when at length the British fleet appeared before the city but one half of that humble fortress was completed, and but a moderate quantity of ammunition bestowed upon it, less for injury to its enemies than employment to itself.

It was on the morning of the 28th June, that the British fleet consisting of 28 sail, under the command of Sir Peter Parker, closely invested the fort. From a variety of circumstances, providential for Carolina, this number was not brought into action. But remained inactive with a number of transports which had been employed in the landing of those troops intending an attack on the land in concert with the ships. The day was peculiarly calm and serene, so that the fleet, and Island might be surveyed by the citizens in Charleston in all the vicissitudes of the conflict with the most perfect and uninterrupted ease. The lines commanding the approach to the city were thronged accordingly, by the people of the Town, to witness the struggle, believed only introductory to the one, which was to require them for their country.

Let us survey the conflict. Let us witness the young Giant in his morning throw! We will see if he bears himself manfully, as becomes the cause for which he encounters such visible odds. His enemy advances in heavy array to the battle, like dense and solid clouds. How beautifully do they approach. The blue waters break playfully around their prows. How calm, how silent, how awfully serene. Can they come for the purposes of war? Where are the ensigns of Battle? Their white canvas and gallant bearing speak not of blood. Yet there is a sence of preparation about them that fully indicates their intention. Though calm and inviting their gallant bearing, and though the waters and the sky seem peaceful and serene, Terror sits in the dark cloud that hovers in the distance. Now do they approach more nearly. How awful is the suspense! With whom would they contend. What foe appears to the conflict—what ensign is spread forth—what kingly banner waves in the air?—What trumpet speaks the approach of an enemy, confident in prowess and known in the slaughter field of Nations. Thus to all appearance, free from opposition, did the British fleet advance to what they considered certain victory. The Eagle had not yet spread forth her wings among the stars and the banner of Carolina, in her first field was a simple strip of blue cloth, bearing a silver crescent. This little ensign waved silently over the Palmetto battlements, humbly proportionate to itself. Few and anxious were the hearts within that enclosure ; gallant and true the spirits beneath that flag. As yet, nothing appears which can indicate an approaching conflict ; no bugle calls to arms ; no knightly summons is heard ; Death is the bearer of his own mission, and he comes in silence to his conquest. God of Battle how beautiful art thou.

Look forth upon the waters. How formidable are the demonstrations of the enemy ; Their preparations are nearly completed, and the hearts of men are trembling for escape. The signal is given ; a sullen silence succeeds it ; as if they still tremble at the horrors they are about to awaken.

Do they pause—do they relent? Have the humanities of their nature spoken forbearance in the still small voice within. No! the arbitration of justice must be the arbitration of the sword. The battle has begun; and one wild, interminable terror shakes the waters. Strong, deep and incessant are the discharges of flame. How can the little fortress against which it is directed maintain its defence. How bear up against a foe so dreadfully capable. The iron rattles upon the tottering fabric, whose cannon are scarce heard in reply. It is silenced. The enemy have conquered; the banner is hurled from the battlements and the star of our Liberty quenched in its dawn, will rekindle no more. Unholy reflection! it appears, it ascends, the gallant Jasper, has retrieved its rom prostration and it waves in proud triumph above him. The conflict is not over, nor the battles of freedom lost. The fire of the little fort is renewed. Slow but certain is their aim, and deadly its effect. The tall admiral swings unmanageable on her cables; while her tallest consort enveloped in flames, threatens destruction to the few who are still left to die upon the altar of the sanctuary, they have dared to invade. Blood, streams from her blackened sides and bubbles upon the ruffled bosom of the waters, while the groans of the dying mingle with the shrieks and execrations of those, with whose hour of departure there is no sunshine. Vainly does the gallant chief call up on his followers for the honor of old England. The courage of desperation is in his eye—the might of despair in his hand—he cheers, fights, soothes, and imprecates, but in vain. They will obey him no longer; dead and dying around him, even the name of old England, the recollections of their homes, that soft and delightful night-breeze to the heart will arouse them no more. God of Battle how terrible art thou!

The cloud is dispersed from about the fearful scene. Can it be true? have the veterans of Europe deserted the combat, shorn of glory and victory by such young adventurers in the race of fame? Look again! The sight is grateful to freedom. What fitter offering can ye place upon her shrine than the blood of the oppressor. What incense more grateful than the burning fleets of invasion? Triumph is in the eye of despair! Hope that scarcely twinkled into perception throughout the conflict, now bursts into unalloyed and dazzling brightness. Joy is in the yet tearful eye of beauty and childhood, for the sling of the Shepherd has overthrown the gladiator of war.

Seldom, O Victory! hath thy bird of triumph settled down upon the banners of the Just. Thou hast followed in the wake of power and oppression! Thy beak hath been whetted upon the hearts of the free, and thy talons are still dripping with the life blood of Freedom. Thou hadst no wing for liberty; thou borest no weapon for the extinguishment of Human wrong. Thou wast the ally of tyranny and carnage, and thou drankest of human suffering as of an ocean, till the old world hath been peopled with the widow and the orphan! Long obedient to the dictates and aggressions of power, thou hast deserted him at last, and the new world is the theatre of thy renovated energies. There hast thou redeemed thyself; thy sanguinary character is obliterated, and if there be blood upon thy wings, let the nations of the Earth rejoice, for it is the blood of the oppressor.

We have thus, feebly my countrymen, endeavored to revive the recollection of one of the

stoutest battles of our revolution. It stands in bold and beautiful relief in the History of our Country. Few actions, among the struggles of that eventful period, have ever proved of equal influence with that which we now celebrate. Inspiring confidence in the bosom of fear, encouraging the timid, determining the doubtful, and warming with enthusiastic devotion, the already devoted, it has been regarded as highly prominent in that chain of events, which precipitated the declaration of our rights upon the ever memorable fourth of July. When we consider this event, in connection with the discovery of our country, its progressive, and I may say, wonderful settlement and revolution, we cannot fail to perceive that beautiful connection which forms and strengthens the whole into a sublime and striking picture. Each part so perfect in itself; yet so intimately connected with, and depending on its fellow. Its past and present exhibitions, its rapid and wonderful improvement, its firm and commanding appearance, even prejudice cannot fail to admire. We stand alone amid the nations of the earth—mingling with none, regardless of any, we offer the hand of amity to all. We seek not to wrest by superior power, the influence which might easily be obtained over the imbecile or unfortunate. Yet neither do we degenerate into weakness from inaction, nor invite the ambition of the restless from our passive appearance. The frame of our constitution has been worked so beautifully around us in all its parts, that none but ourselves can dismember it. It has been confirmed by successive deliberations in our senates, and while it has borne the test, it has received the sanction of experiment. Yet should we remember that it was made by our fathers and for the times that were. The chain that was loose and expanded to them, may from increase of territory or population, or other changes in the circumstances of its progress, become to some portions of our vast country, a painful and restrictive curb, while other more favored divisions, are free even to licentiousness. Let us not be led, therefore, by a blind obedience to the opinions of the past, into a want of confidence in ourselves. I would neither rashly break the bow, nor would I allow it to relax altogether of its tenacity. Let us not forget our common interests in the distinctions of party. There are some points where prejudice is a merit, and selfishness the best of virtues. Such are the duties we owe to ourselves, and our own local interests. On these two subjects, we can differ but little, at least among ourselves. Other and more general interests may, and do admit of distinctions, violent and disgraceful distinctions, that tend by a gradual, but unfailing process, to destroy that common sentiment of union which should equally be the sentiment of all. However we may disagree about the means, let our object and end be the same—The good of our country. If we differ as to the mode, personal violence and the license which belongs to the American Press at this time, be assured, will never effect an union of opinion. We should, therefore, frown upon the virulent and unbecoming extremities which characterise the opinions of the noisy, in adverting to the distinguished of our country. At least, let not the privacies of their firesides, their tables, or their correspondence, be made public exhibitions for a gaping multitude. There should be a moral sanctitude around them for their protection. And this sanctitude should be the voice of the public. Let

us assure the pitiful purveyor, who caters for the meanest and most shameless dispositions of a degeneracy that should not belong to us, that he who is most instrumental in so foul an employment will not be held utterly spotless himself.

Carolínians—Our fathers, whose triumphs we have now met to celebrate, have no common allotment. They have found a desert and peopled it with glorious exhibitions. They have met no temple, and they have built the proudest—and on its shrine, a bright and beautiful creature, rich in simplicity, graceful in luxuriance, delicate in splendor, sweet and inviting, though majestic and terrible. Oh! Liberty! Eagle winged and beautiful Liberty, thou who hast made thy dwelling upon the glaciers of Switzerland and with the stormy peal upon the waters, what temples are dearer to thee than those formed by the green earth and the blue sky, the vast and omnipotent waters, and the broad gigantic trees; these are thy temples here, and here thou art a God!

So beautiful a structure should not be left unattended. We should worship within it. We should go up at the regular season as if to the performance of a sacred duty. It is well thus to keep in mind the memory of the dead. To commemorate, and as we can, requite by our unanimous homage, the benefits they have conferr'd upon us. As if they were before us, we will thank them. We will tell them we are no unworthy heirs. We have not forgotten the indications of their will. Their lives shall be our manuals, from which we will gather rules in action. We will promise them that we will again return to our devotions. We will join our hands together in pledge of the unanimity which pervades our festivities. In assurance of a full knowledge of the duties we are expected to perform. We will, as we do now come up to the temple. The aged will appear and return thanks for a green and mellow term of years in a full and delightful security. Manhood will offer up the vigor of his arm to the end that he may keep the life and Liberty they gave him: youth and childhood shall come up in the worth of purity and innocence to bless them for existence; and woman shall attend with the smile and the tear, and hallow all our devotions.

Thus do we now assemble. The aged have met together. The youthful and the strong are here. The light of heart and the beautiful have come. How sacred is the devotion of love. How sweet the gratitude it conveys. Let us unite in the offering. The altar of our homage is prepared—the rites have been performed above it—The Priest has consecrated and blest it—the pleasant airs are awaiting, that are to bear the incense to the chrystal waters and ever green vallies of immortality, and the fire that is to enkindle it, has descended from Heaven.

Edwin C Holland, Esq.

Edwin C Holland, Esq, was a young Lawyer of this city, who died some few years back, while in the pursuit of his profession. He evinced, even at a very early age the possession of fine taste and poetical talent. His principal efforts are to be found in a little volume of miscellanies which were published many years before his death; among them 'The Pillar of Glory' known as a national song,

that is quite worthy to go along with any thing of the kind in this country, holds a distinguished place. His effusions are chiefly patriotic and amatory. He also wrote much prose of various character. As a controversialist, he possessed much merit, in the straight forward and common sense view, which he usually took of the matter in hand; and though unpossessed of any prominent or distinct features of style, he expressed himself usually with force and energy. He dramatised 'The Corsair' of Lord Byron, which met with very tolerable success, when we reflect that it was brought forward in Charleston. This drama was rather a servile paraphrase of the Poem, than an effort of his own mind. He did not seek to render it original, by merely using the story and filling up the dialogue himself. This production was published in Charleston shortly after its exhibition. It is said to have produced the author a handsome reward, but if such be the case, times are very much altered. We question now, whether, if Shakspeare himself were to propose the printing of a drama in this city, he would sell as many copies as would pay the press-work. The 'Pillar of Glory' being a prize Poem, also brought some money to the author. Beyond these works, we know not any literary achievement in which he has any claims to appear. Various pamphlets, and some occasional poetry have been attributed to him, but never recognized by himself. In connection with the late William Crafts, he published one or two numbers of a *Jeux d'Esprit* called '*Omnium Botherum*,' which, if we consider a complete attainment of the object in view, as the best evidence of merit, was highly successful. Beyond the national ode spoken of before, he has written nothing by which he may be remembered; and as a poetical achievement, this cannot be considered in any very exalted point of view. Some of the lines are good, and one image in particular, is remarkably fine. As a whole, it is from the same mint as Robert Treat Paine's 'Adams' and Liberty,' &c &c.

Editorial Notice.

To our Correspondents we must still cry out 'patience.' The length of the articles, generally, of the present number must serve as our apology. In our next we shall endeavor to give them all a place.